

If wool was water then Wve was weary. She had been trekking all night through the foothills and fens of the Aracoola Mountains. Her pack was empty and the lighter the load the better as far as she was concerned. Serendipity had knocked on her door enough times for her to know now that 'the less said the better' and 'the lesser travelled road is always the busiest'.

Was she going to die in these hills? These hills I've said nothing about...